THE BLOOMFIELD RECORD.

THE ONLY PAPER PUBLISHED IN BLOOMFIELD.

Contains each week full reports of all occurrences taking place in Bloomfield; complete description of all local projects undertaken; editorials urging the claims of matters of interest to the town; a summary of the news of the week; and a carefully selected miscellany of reading matter.

THE RECORD is the sole paper issued in Bloomfield. Very many of those on its subscription list buy largely in New York and Newark. Its value as an advertising medium must therefore be apparent.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION PER ANNUM, $1.50, IN ADVANCE; PRICE PER SINGLE COPY, 5 CENTS.

Address all communications,

M. H. CLARK,

Editor Bloomfield Record,

Bloomfield, N. J.

Bloomfield Record.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., MAY 22, 1880.

A CARD FROM MR. PHOEBUS W. LYON.

TO THE PUBLIC.—As announced last week, the undersigned purchased of Mr. S. M. HULIN THE BLOOMFIELD RECORD, and it was expected the first issue of the paper under my management would be this number. But learning subsequently that Mr. M. H. CLARK had also consummated plans for the establishment of a paper here, and being firmly of the belief that there was not room in our village for two successful papers, an interview was sought with him which has led to his becoming the proprietor of the interests purchased from Mr. Hulin. It only remains for me to thank the public for the very hearty manner in which they seconded my efforts to secure a good Bloomfield paper and to congratulate them that the end desired seems so likely to be satisfactorily accomplished. The unexpired contracts of THE RECORD will be fulfilled by Mr. CLARK.

PHOEBUS W. LYON.

THE RECORD'S FUTURE.

In entering upon the management of THE BLOOMFIELD RECORD, its editor looks forward with the pleasantest anticipations to the future. All of the circumstances attendant upon this step have been of such a kind as to indicate a successful career for the paper and there seems to exist no external reason why this should not be obtained. There is every outward reason for believing that it can.

Bloomfield has long been in need of a paper which would satisfactorily meet the wishes of its residents. A town of so large a population as this imperatively requires such a paper. It is only a question now how early, sooner or later, this need is to be satisfied. A strong determination has sprung up among the leading residents of the place to have a good newspaper, and either the publisher, who endeavers to conduct one, must comply with this determination or he must inevitably fail. The town is to have a satisfactory journal: the only question that remains is, who is to be the publisher to furnish it.

A very large proportion of the population of Bloomfield is made up of people of culture and of refined reading tastes. A newspaper to be successful here, then, must be such as will meet the wishes of these. The selection of reading matter can be made from the highest and best classes of literature. The horrible, the blood-chilling, the indelicate will not find success. A journal can be issued in which its conductor may take pride and which he may carry up to his best ideal without a fear of not finding appreciation. He may make a successful paper without sullying his conscience—a truth which cannot be spoken of not a few cities in the Union.

The principal feature of the Bloomfield newspaper should be that which gives the local news. This is of paramount importance, is what the people are most interested in and that which should be most assiduously attended to. This is the chief purpose of the paper and should not be neglected for any collateral matters. Secondly, editorial subjects should receive consideration. Many questions of important interest to the town frequently arise and the adjustment of these can only be effected by the united attention of all the townspeople. This the editorial articles should secure, urging upon all the claims of these matters to their consideration. It should be the result of both of these departments that more interest would be taken in local events and a more active spirit infused into the enterprises of the town. It *does* lie within the power of a local paper to secure very much in this direction.

Finally, an important element will be found in the selected reading-matter that is presented. A reader does not usually subscribe for more than one of each of the various classes of periodicals. Yet he desires to feel that nothing of especial excellence has been given in other periodicals that he has not been aware of and that he is abreast with all the current literature. It is just this need which it is designed that THE RECORD shall answer. RECORD readers can have confidence that nothing important is published in the periodicals that they are not advised of. If anyone should be tempted by the extracts to subscribe to the publications themselves, a good deed will have been accomplished. Such then, are our notions of what a good newspaper should be. These ideas we shall try to carry out. And we know that if they are carried out the heartiest encouragement and furtherance will be given.

THE RECORD is fortunate in having in its service the associate editor, Mr. L. EDWARDS, who brings to his work considerable experience in journalism as well as a natural adaption for it. The news department will be under his especial care.

As was said before, our anticipations are the pleasantest. In making arrangements for publishing a paper in Bloomfield, we have come in contact with very many Bloomfield people, and assuredly, if all the people are as hospitable and well disposed as these have [illegible],—and undoubtedly they are,—our continuance among them will be very pleasant indeed.

CITY GOSSIP.

NEW YORK, May 18, 1880.

DEAR RECORD: So you have made your bow in your new class, pulled your forelock, and stammered out your new speech. In other words, you've "been and gone and done it," and now you have sat down—not to cakes and ale,—but to feast with rhyme and reason the intellectual maw of your good townsfolk.

May you never step out of bed of a fine morning with the conviction that only the vanity of callow youth beguiled you into the slippery but noble walks of journalism; that the call to "go where glory," etc., was a delusion and a snare, not for you alone, but also for the deluded and still-to-be-benighted denizens of beautiful Bloomfield.

No! Perish the thought! So long as paste-pot and scissors do not submit so far to the "boom" in prices as to become an unpurchasable commodity, you can gaze out from your sanctum with the calm indifference of a philosopher, and let the world wag away as it will,—if only the Blooming fielders appreciate the RECORD sufficiently to record their names on its subscription list, and pay up, too; why, as Cheap John says, you'll "ask no more and take no less."

Talking of an unpurchasable commodity reminds me to say for you—if you haven't said it already—that the RECORD is for sale at so much a year, and so much for single copies, and in no other way. That is not quite it; I mean that your columns are not for sale: no, that does not express it, either, for honest advertisers, who mean well by the public, are welcome to a place in your columns, welcome to buy every one of them, even to the risk of compelling you to extra sheets to give the news. I mean that your opinions and convictions are not matters that you deem it safe to have running round the market for a buyer. There, that is it. You don't propose to furnish an organ for any scamp to turn the handle. You don't intend to be included in the circle of Ring papers, muzzled by a Ring over the mouth, and led around by a Ring through the nose. No, I hope you are going to fight Rings, whether steal-rimmed or railroad-bonded.

Next to the pleasure of having a truly independent press at home (which we have given up praying for) is the knowledge or hope that somebody, somewhere, is or is to be, so blessed.

Some of our metropolitan folk are actually growing proud of "our" Rings, they do so eclipse anything offered elsewhere to an admiring public. We have our Street Ring, our Police Ring, our Public Works Ring, our Ring for the non-inspection of Public Buildings, our Bridge Ring,—all links in one big chain. And the bridge is to unite us to the Rings across the river. With its completion, our chief rascals may well say to Ring chief in Brooklyn: "With this Ring I thee wed, and rusty grow the knife of investigation that would cut us asunder!"

The paw of the Ring is in everything; its eye is everywhere. (In the sainted Tweed's time they called it the Ring, and the old habit still hangs on me; but in these finer and more secretive days they have come to call it the "Machine." But then what's in a name?)

You may find some slight excuse for the pride, mixed with awe, with which many of us here regard the omnipotence and omniscience of our "Machine." It is but human to think our Ring the biggest, our set the choicest, our park the most beautiful, even our church the truest.

It reminds me of a story by the "Danbury Newsman," of a cock-fight in his town, between a Danbury bird and another from Norwalk, which he described and condemned as a most disgusting, brutal, and unchristian exhibition, concluding with the remark: "The only thing that at all consoles us in presence of such demoralization is the fact that the Danbury rooster licked!"

I leave you my blessing, as I go, with the hope that you will always be ready to give reason for the faith that is in you; that you will be *free*, fearless, friendly, untrammeled by party, unbought by power, and possess many other virtues, too numerous to mention, as the catalogues say.

So shall your days be long in the land; so shall you grow in the hearts and homes of your people, and they shall rise up and call you blessed.

Put me on record as one who wishes you a prosperous and honorable future.

Yours, to serve,

MANHATTAN.

A RECENT SERMON.

No thoughtful Christian who had the good fortune to listen to the Rev. Mr. Ballantine's sermon, Sunday evening, May 10, on the "Unfinished Revelations of the Bible," will soon forget his masterly defence of the Bible as a genuine and logical revelation from God to man.

Establishing his proposition that such a revelation would have to be one capable of being received in the rudest as well as in the most cultivated ages of the world, written for the infancy as well as for the mature age of Time, and designed not as a text-book of science or history, but by touching those incidentally, and, in its real mission, meant simply to reveal God and to develop the spiritual nature of man. The speaker proceeded to take up the gauntlet thrown down by what he called scientists of the day. This he did in the most logical and masterly manner. Touching, in passing, on the fact that a revelation which had taught the science of many a thousand years ago, would have been utterly incomprehensible by the most advanced thinkers of that age, he charged that no established scientific fact, so far, was known, that was actually at variance with revelation, whatever might be true of scientific theories, which to-day were asserted, and to-morrow abandoned. History, astronomy and geology, and every proved science were shown as being, and thus far proof of the existence of one wise, beneficent controlling power, first revealed as the Almighty God, and revealed later as God our Father. Here the thought of the growth and developing nature of revelation was finely treated. As men were able to receive and use it, divine truth was revealed. No one age of the world had held, or even faintly apprehended, the whole of God's thoughts to us, or our own grand destiny. It was morally certain that no age of the world ever would hold a complete revelation. We should go on into God's immediate presence and find there continued progress in learning God's will and thoughts towards us. The only essential thing in a revelation purporting to come from such a being as God, to such beings as man was asserted to be, that it should reveal a real God and make it possible for man to find fellowship with Him, even from his lowest estate. This, the speaker justly considered, that the voices of the past, as well as the records of the present, demonstrated in no doubtful tones.

Altogether, it was one of the most powerful and finished discourses on the asserted antagonism—but actual argument—between religion and science which it has been our good fortune to hear in Bloomfield.

In the present day when so many devout Christians are half afraid to look squarely at science lest they should chance find something revealed by it that does not agree with what they have inferred, that the Bible teaches, and where so many scientists believe that Christians know little of anything outside the Bible, it is a wise and profitable thing for leading Christian thinkers to keep abreast of the times in all true and progressive thought, and so doing, to use science in its legitimate office, as illustration of God's mind expressed in material forms, as truly as revelation expresses Him in spiritual laws.

We can but hope that whenever such subjects are so ably treated it may be the good fortune of all who are honestly desiring light and truth to be present.

R. G.

BLOOMFIELD, May 14.

SIDEWALKS.

MR. EDITOR: "Good while they last" is a fitting remark on the *plank* sidewalk, but the trouble is that, unlike Paddy's stone coffin, they won't last a man's lifetime, and hence in a very short space we begin to "trip the light fantastic toe" over them, at which time look out for "hard trials and tribulations" till a new walk goes down. It is sad to reflect that *elevated railroads* are not yet in operation in Bloomfield, but while this want is unsupplied we must be content to walk on *terra firma*, our terror being firmer than when we had a firmer *terra* to walk on. Certain it is, in certain localities in this town pedestrianism is at a discount, and walkists by day or night foot it at the peril of life and limb. We have heard of some young men whose chief employment was to measure sidewalks. We regret to know that of late many of our best citizens have gone into this business, so far at least as to measure their length on the sidewalks. At such business their rating is a little below A1, undoubtedly as low as B, for who could not help, under such circumstances, B-rating very loudly somebody or something. "Well, what are you going to do about it?" is the question. Some suggest and practice "patchwork," others "ashes," and some say flag them. That's good, only let it be the "red flag." Others say "new sleepers." We don't object to these if they are anti-snorers, but if the sleepers are very sound there is danger on this score. On the whole, Mr. Editor, this is a *serious* question, if we do trip over it thus lightly, at least so thought our good neighbor who a few weeks ago broke his leg on a broken plank on Watsessing avenue.

The undersigned is the happy or unhappy owner of a few feet of plank sidewalk, which, getting a little the worse for wear, he has had relaid with new sleepers (the anti-snorers) and a few new plank at an expense of 10 cents a running foot, and the walk is now good and safe, and will be for at least five years to come. Now, my advice is, if you cannot do better, go thou and do likewise, and help on the morality of this town, for it is extremely difficult at this writing to obey the scripture injunction and "walk in love" over some of the sidewalks in Bloomfield.

KRISS-KROSS.

WHICH AND WHOM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RECORD: If you know everything, Mr. Editor, as all good editors "ought" to do, and if you don't, if somebody else does—will you, or will that other wise somebody, please to tell an utterly befogged individual who now and then wanders across the Bloomfield Green, which end of that same green is the "root" end, so to speak, and when both ends of it will be alike. One end is a marvel of beauty, and care and verdure; the other looks as if Rip Van Winkle himself had charge of it before he wandered off for his twenty years nap, and the faithful evil was patiently awaiting his return from Sleepy Hollow. Both ends are perfect in their way, but wouldn't it be kinder to strangers say, not to disturb whatever impression they start with from either end of your Green. Make it perfect as a whole, all Sleepy Hollow or all a modern park.

No town in your neighborhood has a public square more attractive at one end. Can't your public spirited citizens see that the same minds that have made that end what it is shall take charge of the whole and finish the design of the surveyor, or else drop all care of it and make it perfect as a monument to the hero of Sleepy Hollow.

All of us don't expect to live in Bloomfield a hundred years or even fifty, and we can't help wondering which it will be and when.

JUBY.

OCEAN GROVE.

PROGRAMME FOR THE EXERCISES THERE DURING THE COMING SUMMER.

The following is the programme of the special services to be held at Ocean Grove during the summer of 1880:

One hundred and fourth anniversary of American Independence. Oration by Rev. G. K. Morris, A. M., of Vineland, N. J., Monday, July 5.

Woman's C. T. Union, under the direction of Mrs. A. Whittemeyer, assisted by Mrs. Lathrop, Mrs. Youmans and others, July 15-18.

Jubilee of sacred song. First day, under the direction of Williford Day; second and third days, Prof. Sweney; fourth and fifth days, Prof. Fischer, July 21-25.

Ocean Grove anniversary—July 31.

Six days Bible reading. By Rev. B. M. Adams, Dr. Steele (if his health permits) and others—August 3.

National Women's Christian Temperance Union, under the direction of Miss Frances E. Willard, of Chicago, President of N. W. C. T. Union—August 9-10.

Education; Pennington Seminary Day—August 12.

Women's Foreign Missionary Council—August 13-14.

Women's Foreign Missionary Anniversary, Aug. 15.

Annual camp meeting—August 16-26.

Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Palmer will hold meetings every morning during the season for the promotion of holiness, in Bishop Janes' Memorial Tabernacle. The singing will be under the direction of Prof. Sweney during the camp meeting.

DECORATION DAY.

There will be no special observance of Decoration Day in Bloomfield this year, but the day will be very generally observed throughout the State. In Orange the members of Uzal Dodd Post will decorate the graves of all soldiers buried in the several cemeteries in the morning, and in the afternoon the exercises will be held in Music Hall, to consist of singing by a double male quartette, and addresses by Major General Henry W. Slocum, Gov. McClellan and others.

The Rev. Edward Judson will deliver a sermon appropriate to Decoration Day in the Baptist Church, on Sunday evening, May 30th.

It is interesting to note that two colored men have recently started newspapers. One is called *The Exodus* and is published in Washington with Rev. J. D. Bagwell as editor, and the other, called *The Sentinel*, is published in Trenton by R. Henri Herbert.

In Plainfield, peas planted March 24th are six inches high; the same height are potatoes planted April 15. Corn planted April 30 is three inches high; spinach and other articles have been used from the garden.

The increase in the population and wealth of New Jersey for the past thirty years has been more rapid than that of any other of the older settled States, and more rapid, too, than the average of the whole United States.

A CHALLENGE TO THE BUTCHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RECORD: We, the undersigned, believing that Decoration Day should not pass without something being done of a popular character to commemorate the same, and it being customary to close our stores on legal holidays, hereby challenge the Butchers of Bloomfield to play a game of baseball on the afternoon of Decoration Day (Monday) at 2:30 P. M.

THE GROCERS.

BLOOMFIELD, May 20, 1880.

The assessor's statistical report shows the number of births for the past month to be six, with eight deaths and four marriages.

Travel on the railroads is on the increase.

Independence Day is near at hand. Get up the flag pole.

The Gypsies were here again during part of the week.

A MORAL VIEW OF THINGS.

THE WORLD'S EVENTS LOOKED AT IN THEIR RELIGIOUS ASPECT.

THE DEMOCRATIC ELECTORAL PLOT SUITABLY CHARACTERIZED.—THE SELECTION OF METHODIST BISHOPS.—BELIEVING WITH THE HEART.

In this week's *Independent* the Democratic caucus resolution in regard to the electoral count is alluded to in the following very vigorous fashion:

"The joint resolution agreed upon by a Democratic caucus at Washington for regulating the electoral count, and already proposed in the Senate, is simply a plan for stealing the Presidency, should the theft become necessary to victory. The fundamental feature of this plot consists in the fact that, objections being made to the counting of any vote or votes of electors, and the two houses of Congress having separately passed upon the objection, any vote or votes shall be rejected, and, of course, not counted, which the two houses shall concur in rejecting. The Edmunds Bill, that was passed by the Senate and then left to die in the House of Representatives, provided that the question as to the right of certain persons to cast the electoral votes of a State should, in the event of any dispute upon the point, be settled by the judicial authority of the State itself, and that Congress, in counting the votes, should be irrevocably bound by its decision. This concedes to the States the right to determine who are electors, and makes it the duty of Congress to accept their decision as final; and there can be no doubt that such is the intent of the Constitution. If the States have the power to appoint electors, then they have the power conclusively to determine and authenticate their own appointment."

The *Christian Union* writes this week of the qualifications of several of the possible presidential candidates as follows:

"Passing by the guesses of the press as to the affiliations of the pledges of delegates elect, what are the respective elements of strength in the country at large of the men who stand prominent in the roll of candidates? Senator Edmunds is a man of high character for probity and attainments, whose long service in the Senate has shown him the peer of the ablest men there, and whose signal services to Republicanism are not to be overlooked. That he would make an eminently sound and sagacious President, no man, we presume, can doubt. But the Convention may fail to find in him those elements adapted to win popular support which conventions always seek for in candidates for the presidency. They will put against his unimpeachable fitness for the office the three facts that, 1. He comes from a small far Eastern State, while the great West supplies the *majority* of votes. 2. Vermont, being assuredly Republican whoever the nominee, should not supply the candidate. 3. He has no wide personal popularity, or 'following' of any kind. These points, which in themselves, perhaps, weigh little or nothing, are much among the politicians. The considerations which apply to Washburne, of Illinois (who has been a candidate with or without his concurrence), are only in part similar. While Illinois can hardly be ranked among the doubtful states, and may therefore have no claim to be considered in the nomination, it is one of the potential States of the great Northwest. But Mr. Washburne's early and lately repeated advocacy of General Grant's claims to the nomination, together with the fact that he is personally without special elements of popularity either among the people or the politicians, seem to render his chances remote.

"Mr. Sherman has far more prominence than either of the men we have named, and were it not for the very widespread notion that he is a cold and cautious politician his eminent services to the party and his admirable administration of the Treasury at the resumption juncture would unquestionably give him a foremost place among the availables. That he is by no means the father of resumption is true; he has in former years been tainted with the heresy of tampering with the national credit as to a part of the bonded debt; and his avowed financial principles even now seem to us to characterize rather the prudent politician than the profound statesman. But the country has a right to believe that he would outgrow the imperfections of the present as he has the errors of the past, and it accords him no more than he deserves in awarding him the utmost credit as a capable and wise administrator of the most difficult department of the Government.

"Senator Blaine is the candidate who of all others appears to have the widest friendships, and whose cause is championed by the most noisy if not by the most ardent and zealous of both presses and politicians. Still, with the customary fortune of men of great dash and personal magnetism, he has awakened too many and too sharp antagonisms to justify the expectation that a Republican convention can unite upon him as the common standard-bearer of the whole party. His services to the country, too, have not been of sufficient magnitude or importance to be compared with those of several others that might be named. And the grave charges of too commercial a treatment of official trusts brought up four years since, whether true or false, would probably place the party nominating him in the awkward attitude of being compelled to defend its candidate from the outset of the campaign against the gravest charges."

The same paper, in another article, draws the following contrast between intellectual belief and the belief that is real:

"Belief is a purely intellectual act. It is the acceptance of a truth by the mind. Faith is the act of the whole nature; it is the acceptance of truth by every part and faculty of the soul; by reverence, by love, by conscience, by approbativeness, by self-esteem, by acquisitiveness. In belief the truth is like a messenger who enters in the door and sits down in the hall; a mere messenger that may come in this moment and go out the next. In faith the truth is like the sunlight which pours in at every open door and window and floods every room from the basement to the attic.

To have faith in God or in the fatherhood of God is something very different. It is to see in him the infinite love; it is to feel a profound conviction that in his house there is bread enough and to spare; it is to rise and go to him with a willingness to become as his hired servant; it is to meet him, be embraced by him, enter into his house and live with him. To believe that this man is my father is one thing; to be filled with a filial love and reverence for him, to give my whole being up to the influence of his inspiration and the guidance of his wisdom and the government of his love, is another and a very different thing. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness," says Paul. The belief that is unto righteousness transcends statement; it cannot be embraced in a creed; it is the allegiance of the whole nature in its whole life to the truth.

Now, what the world needs to-day is not more belief but more faith; not clearer definition of doctrine but a more vital possession of the soul with the truth. For eighteen hundred years we have been writing over our creeds, often tearing down to-day what we constructed but yesterday. What we need now is to use our belies and give it entrance into the heart and life of man. The dangers which threaten the Church and the community to-day do not come from a single Professor Clifford, who does not believe that a Creator is the best hypothesis to explain the creation, but from a hundred thousand professing Christians who have got God in their creeds but no God in their lives; who believe in him with their reverence in church on Sunday but rarely or never with their acquisitiveness in the store on Monday."

The *Christian Weekly* thinks that the selection of four Bishops for the Methodist Church by the General Conference has been very costly to the other branches of the service. It expresses itself in this way:

"The General Conference of the Methodist Church, now in session at Cincinnati, has elected four new bishops, Rev. Drs. C. D. Foss, President of Wesleyan University, J. F. Hurst, President of Drew Theological Seminary, E. O. Haven, Chancellor of Syracuse University, and H. W. Warren of Philadelphia. We congratulate these eminent men on their elevation to their responsible positions, and we congratulate the church on having such men to elevate. At the same time we cannot repress the fear that this promotion is not in the line of the highest and truest interest of the church—that it has really narrowed, instead of enlarging, the influence upon the present and coming generations of at least three of the men it has delighted to honor. By this we by no means reflect upon the dignity of the office of a bishop, but simply express our conviction that their present position as educators is higher and more controlling than any ecclesiastical preferment. They are now at the head of its highest literary and theological institutions, for which they have fully demonstrated their pre-eminent fitness. What more influential and far-reaching position can there be for the leaders of a church than to have the moulding of the plastic minds of those who are to occupy the pulpits of that church?"

The *Christian Herald* gives this week a verbatim report of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's sermon for last Sunday morning. The closing paragraphs, given below, furnish a representative specimen of Dr. Talmage's peculiar style, indicating both his faults and the strongly counterbalancing qualities of heart and mind.

"I suppose there was a great time when General Naaman got back to Damascus. The charioteers did not have to drive slowly any longer lest they jolt the invalid; but as the horses dashed through the streets of Damascus, I think the people rushed out to hail back their chieftain. Naaman's wife hardly recognized her husband: he was so wonderfully changed she had to look at him two or three times before she made out that it was her restored husband. And the little captive maid, she rushed out clapping her hands and shouting: 'Did he cure you?'

DID HE CURE YOU?'

Then music woke up the palace, and the tapestry of the windows was drawn away that the multitude outside might mingle with the princely mirth inside, and the feet went up and down in the dance, and all the streets of Damascus that night echoed and re-echoed with the news: 'Naaman's cured! Naaman's cured!'

"But a gladder time than that it would be in Brooklyn, or wherever this sermon shall be read, if the *soul* should get cured of leprosy. The swiftest white horses hitched to the King's chariot would rush the news into the eternal city. Our loved ones before the throne would welcome the glad tidings. Your children on earth, with more emotion than the little Hebrew captive, would notice the change in your look and the change in your manner, and would put their arms around your neck, and say: 'Mother, I guess you must have become a Christian. Father, I think you have got rid of the leprosy.' O Lord God of Elisha, have mercy on us!"

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

The number of Baptists in the world is estimated to be 2,589 172, of whom 1,500,000, 900,000 are colored people.

At the annual meeting of the United Methodist Free Churches of England, in April, it was reported that the receipts of the year for missions had been $85,610. There is a deficiency of about $4,000, which, it is expected, will be shortly made up. The mission in east Africa was reported to be prospering.

The income of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions for the year just closed shows a very large increase. The receipts aggregate $586,844, a gain over the previous year of more than $150,000. The legacies have been unusually large, and the Woman's Societies have collected $200,000. The last assembly asked the Church to bring its contributions up to $500,000, which the Church has done, and much more.

President J. F. Hurst, who leaves Drew Theological Seminary to become a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has succeeded in rising enough money in place of the endowment promised, but not paid, by Mr. Drew to place the institution on a sound basis. Almost $320,000 has been raised by Dr. Hurst's efforts.

The authority for the statement that Charles Reade, the novelist, has become a Congregationalist, is the Rev. R. L. Stanton, D. D., who gives a full account of it, and of several talks with Mr. Reade. He says that since Mr. Reade's conversion "he has prepared very copious notes of his autobiography, the events therein related dating from the death of Mrs. Seymour. I understand also," continues Dr. Stanton, "that he is meditating upon a delineation of Scripture characters and events. His pen cannot be at rest, and, now that it is 'converted,' the world may ere long hear from Charles Reade upon themes to which they are unaccustomed, under his guidance."

The Conference in the Methodist Church which makes the largest contribution to the general church fund, is that of Philadelphia, which contributed last year $34,125 70, against $28,222 81 by the New York Conference, $24,063 22 by the New York East, $21,024 78 by the Baltimore, and $13,092 95 by the Illinois. The Philadelphia Conference gave a larger sum in 1878 than in 1879, its total being $44,488 00 for that year. In 1877 its contributions made a still larger sum—$45,099. The total of all the conferences last year was $480,428 80, against $478,021 15 for 1878, and $566,765 66 for 1877. The total for the four years since the last Conference met is $2,058,810 06.

Rev. Ezra D. Simons, pastor of the Baptist Church, is spending a few weeks at Saratoga Springs, whither he has gone for needed rest. The pulpit will be regularly supplied during his absence.

In Congress on Wednesday of last week, Mr. Blake presented the petition of Thomas Oakes & Co., of this town, for the passage of the Eaton bill, providing for the appointment of the tariff commission.

THE NEWS IN BLOOMFIELD.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

Last Sabbath was a day of special interest at the Baptist Church. In the morning, the Rev. C. W. Van Meter, from Rome, Italy, conducted the services and presented to a large congregation, in a touching and thrilling manner, the work of evangelization now going forward among the Italians in their own country. Nearly one hundred dollars was pledged in aid of Mr. Van Metre's special work in Rome.

In the evening was held the Twenty-Eighth Anniversary of the Sunday School. The platform was beautifully decorated with flowers, kindly furnished by Mr. Rassbach, Florist. The exercises were exceedingly interesting and betokened considerable earnestness in the Sunday School work. We would specially notice the address of Hon. J. F. Sanxay, a former Superintendent of the school. Also the concert exercises, entitled "The Ladder, or Progress in Christian Character." The rounds of the ladder were thirteen in number, each bearing a name, nicely lettered on a gilt background. They were: Repentance, Trust, Obedience, Love, Joy, Peace, Meekness, Knowledge, Temperance, Patience, Godliness, Humility, Holiness. On the sides of the ladder in large gilt letters were the words Prayer and Faith. The exercise was interspersed with singing and recitations of Scripture and was certainly a very unique and beautiful thing. The ladder was about 15 feet in length. The Missionary offerings showed that the school was fully alive to the work of spreading the blessed Gospel in all parts of the world. The annual reports of the Treasurer, F. B. Stone, and Secretary Ainsworth Hagne, were very encouraging.

UNION SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

The Anniversary exercises of the "Union Sunday School," were held in the Lecture Room of the First Presbyterian Church on last Sabbath afternoon, the large attendance present attesting the interest taken in the school by the people of Bloomfield. After the reading of the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer, the Superintendent, Mr. C. W. Maxfield, referred to the economical management of the school as shown by the Treasurer's report. The Infant Class, under charge of Miss Baldwin, recited most perfectly the fifty-first Psalm, these rehearsals of the Scriptures by the little ones forming a very interesting part of the exercises. Then followed a short history of the School by Mr. J. A. Davis, Jr., a former superintendent, and afterward a short address, impressive and practical, by Mr. P. W. Lyon. The Superintendent having called upon Mr. G. T. Moore for a closing speech, that gentleman appealed to the scholars to improve the opportunities offered by the school and to the teachers to be faithful in the discharge of their duties. The whole affair, interspersed with music under the direction of Mr. Owens, of Montclair, passed off very pleasantly.

NEW LITERARY SOCIETY.

A novel and interesting method of personal culture has been adopted by twelve of Bloomfield's leading young ladies. Miss Belle Bovee, a young lady graduate of the Boston School of Oratory, suggested the plan, which is as follows:

Each week the young ladies will meet at the residence of one of the members of the class, and take up the study of one of the poets, together with other current literature. Once in about three weeks the friends of the class are to be invited to listen to the exercises. Miss Bovee is to be the instructor, and the class will no doubt receive great benefit from their study.

The first meeting was held last Monday evening at the residence of Miss Kate Howell. The subject chosen for study was Wadsworth, and each member of the class was given a special topic upon that poet and his works to investigate.

The names of the members of the class are as follows: Miss Harrison, the Misses Dodd, the Misses Bovee, Miss Sarah Davis, Miss Minnie Brower, and Miss Katie Howell.

STATE MILK INSPECTOR.

Dr. Wm. K. Newton, of Paterson, has been appointed State Milk Inspector, and the State Board of Health has issued a circular in reference to the milk supply. The act of April, 1878, provides that those who sell milk from which the cream has been taken shall label their cans "skimmed milk." Violations are punishable by a fine of $50. The law forbids the adulteration of milk by the addition of water, soda or anything else. Inspector Newton will visit various parts of the State in turn.—*State Gazette.*

OFF TO EUROPE.

Among the passengers on the White Star Line steamer Republic, on her trip from New York to Liverpool, Thursday, were Mr. and Mrs. Dr. H. E. Richards, and Mrs. Hattie Oakes, the widow of Mr. George Oakes, and her daughter, of Bloomfield. The parties will visit London, Paris, Vienna, and other cities of the continent. Dr. Richards goes on business, and the others for a pleasure trip. The best wishes of their friends go with them.

BUSINESS ACTIVITY.

The carpenters of Bloomfield have been unusually busy this spring, which is agreeable to most of them. There has not, however, been much building done, but the work has been chiefly in the way of repairing. The only houses now being erected in town that are known of, are the two tenements on Spruce street which Mr. Nathaniel Baldwin is building for Mr. James Hunter. There is a prospect that work will be begun on another new house soon.

GOSPEL TEMPERANCE.

A large meeting was held on last Saturday evening at the usual place—Lecture Room of the Baptist Church. The Rev. W. C. Van Meter, from Rome, was present and delivered a most interesting address. We noticed among the audience the genial face of Rev. Dr. Kennedy. On this Saturday evening Mrs. Laura Crane, the female Temperance orator, will address the meeting. All are invited.

Among the one hundred and fifteen boys on the schoolship *St. Mary's*, which sailed a few days since, was Will S. Peloubet, a son of Jarvis Peloubet of Peloubet & Co., organ manufacturers. The cruise will occupy six months, and the ship will harbor in England, France, Spain, and the Madeira Islands.

Not every town is so favored as Bloomfield in the way of musical talent. There is a good band here that ought to be heard often. There should be some evening concerts during the summer.

During the past few months several car loads of telegraph poles have been shipped from the depot to New York for the Bell Telephone Company. One car load was sent last Thursday.

The D. L. & W. Railroad Company are making a number of improvements about their freight depot in Bloomfield. A force of men has been at work for the past few days erecting a new platform around the building, and when this is completed the building itself will be raised, giving much more room for the accommodation of freight. The passenger depot will not be neglected and a new platform will be put up around that, which will no doubt be appreciated by the company's patrons. A glance at the building suggests that a coat of paint would be in keeping with the other improvements.

"Increased business" is what Mr. H. M. Vantassel the general freight agent told the writer made the changes necessary.

The company has just completed a new side track at the east end of the depot to be used for the coal traffic. The Weymouthe Paper Company, which receives some 3,000 tons a year have one half of the length of the track, and the other half will be used by Mr. W. B. Corby the retail coal dealer.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The Democratic State Convention, for the nomination of delegates from New Jersey to the National Democratic Convention, met in Trenton on Thursday. W. W. Shippen, of Hoboken, Chairman of the State Committee, called the Convention to order in Taylor Hall, and introduced ex-Judge F. F. Teese of Newark as temporary chairman. Judge Teese made a short address, going over matters of the last campaign. The chairman laid before the convention a paper signed by W. W. Shippen, Chairman of the State Central Committee, in which that body tendered their resignation, in order that fresh men might be chosen with special reference to the coming campaign. The convention refused to accept the resignation of the committee.

Resolutions were adopted by the convention denouncing the great fraud of 1876, and demanding a free ballot.

The delegates elected are as follows:

SENATORIAL DELEGATES.

John P. Stockton, Orestes Cleveland, C. Neyer Zulick, Hezekiah B. Smith.

CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATES.

1st District—Charles F. Ridgway, Robert Newell.

2d District—William P. McMichael, Rufus Blodgett.

3d District—Joseph J. Thompson, Robert S. Green.

4th District—Alvah A. Clark, Lewis Cochran.

5th District—Henry D. Winton, James Coleman.

6th District—Gotfried Kruger, Laurence B. Fell.

7th District—C. P. Lewis, Jeremiah Sweeny.

The leading democrats say that Bayard is the favorite of the majority of the delegates elected. It is thought that Attorney-General Stockton will head the delegation.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Bloomfield, N. J., on WEDNESDAY, May 19, 1880:

Bradley, Wm.	McNally, Maggie
Barclay, Blanche	Noble, Mrs. Louis C.
Cadmus, J.	Outwater, H.
Clark, Mrs. Agnes	Peer, Garret
Campbell, George	Prentice, Mrs.
Conklin, J. S.	Russell, J. L.
Davis, Mattie	[illegible], Chas.
Darling, John R.	Smith, Eliza E.
Dixon & Dawson	Smith, Mrs. Ellen
Gifford, R. D.	Smith, C.
Greason, George	Taylor & Liebman
Knowles, H.	Tradon, Wilhelm
Martin, Nettie	Williams, Mrs.
McCarty, Patrick	Williams, M. E.
Moschberger, David	

Any person calling for the above letters will please say "advertised." H. DODD, P. M.

LADIES. TIME NEARLY UP.

New York store crowded from morning till night. All admit such bargains were never before offered in New York; will positively close at the end of next week, at 771 Broadway, New York. The last chance for the following extraordinary bargains: Ladies' Handsome Embroidered Chemises, 29 cts.; worth 50 cents. Ladies' Cluster Tucked Drawers, 29 cents; worth 65 cents. Ladies' Silk Balbriggan Hose, 14 cents; worth 40 cents. Ribbons, Laces, Handkerchiefs and everything else of this immense stock, in forty-one different departments, for Ladies', Misses' and Children, equally as cheap as above. Visit our Departments of Flowers and Feathers, Boys' Clothing and Shoes, at the GREAT FAIR STORE, 771 Broadway, corner Ninth street, opposite A. T. Stewart's, New York.

WE SELL THE GOODS WE ADVERTISE.

The best place in Newark to get good shoes at reasonable prices is at 157 Market street, first store above Broad.

TAYLOR & WILLIAMS.

Ladies' Cloth Top Button Boot, Box-toe and half French heel, only $2; Ladies' Glazed Morocco Button Boot, box-toe and French heel, only $2; Misses' Pebble Morocco Button Boot, for school wear, $1.10; Children's shoes only 50 cents; Boys' Gaiters, $1.25 and $1.50; Gents' hand-sewed Congress Gaiters, all widths, only $3, worth $4.50; Gents' Slippers for the holidays, embroidered in silk, $1.50, $1.75 and $2. We have a splendid Kid Foxed Morocco Button Boot, French heels and box toe, for $3, selling on Broad street for $4; in common shoes we have Ladies' Button Boots in Glazed and Pebble Morocco, at $1, $1.50, and $1.75. These are but sample prices, and recollect all our goods are warranted.

TAYLOR & WILLIAMS,

157 Market Street, first shoe store above Broad.

HIGGINS' GERMAN LAUNDRY SOAP

Is perfectly pure, being made of carefully selected stock, and is therefore the cheapest. Ask your grocer for it, and see that you get only the genuine article. A trial will convince you of its merits.

A Free Book of nearly 100 large octavo pages for the sick. Full of valuable notes,—by Dr. E. B. Foote,—on Scrofula, Diseases of the Breathing Organs, Diseases of Men, Diseases of Women, Aches and Pains, Heart Troubles, and a great variety of Chronic Diseases, with evidence that in most cases these diseases are curable. Send for a three cent stamp. Address,

MURRAY HILL PUB. CO.,

No 129 E. 28th St., N. Y.

MARSH'S

PHARMACY,

Broad St., Opposite Post Office.

A FULL LINE OF PURE

DRUGS & CHEMICALS.

ALL THE LATEST

PROPRIETARY and TOILET ARTICLES.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

News From Home.

When the heart is very dreary,
Growing sadly over-weary
Of the bonds that keep it lonely
Like a bird in wicker-dome,
Comes a messenger most cheery,
Though it be a letter only,
For a mother wrote that "dearie,"
And it bringeth news from home.

"News from Home! Oh, welcome letter!
Strong in power to break the fetter
That encircles her who labors
Far away from all held dear.
Yet it proves the proverb truly,
Tells that joy and grief are neighbors
For from eyes that grow unruly
Slowly wells a glist'ning tear.

Present sorrows wings are taking,
Pleasant memories are waking,
And Life's sun bedecks with splendor
Her whose duty called to roam;
Yet the sympathy that's hidden,
In those lines so sweet and tender
Makes the tears rise up unbidden
O'er the welcome "news from home."

Cousin Edith.

Lillian Ames stood leaning against the casement of an open window leading on to a sloping lawn, at whose base flowed a sunny, rippling stream of water.

It was one of England's fairest scenes on which her eyes rested, and she was one of England's fairest daughters. Even at this moment, spite of the fact that her brow is gathered in a frown, and the full, red lips are unmistakably pouting, her beauty is undeniable.

A few bold spirits have declared there was little soul in the face; but the large, hazel eyes could melt or flash at will; the dark lashes shaded a cheek white as parian marble, with rarely even a touch of color upon its velvety surface, and the lithe, graceful figure even unconsciously assumed new grace in each unstudied poise, until one forgot the question of soul in its perfect outward flesh and blood tabernacle.

Near her, reclining on a low easy chair, sat a young girl of about her own age. At first glance the exquisite soul-loveliness of her face paled in Miss Ames's more brilliant beauty, but there were more to love its possessor, and fewer to envy her. Something like indignation was in her voice, as she addressed her friend.

"I cannot believe that you mean it, Lillian," she said. "You have been engaged to Oscar Dering a year, and how can you say so carelessly that your engagement shall be broken—"

"Beg pardon!" interrupted the other, in low, ironical tones. "I have not been engaged to Oscar Dering twenty-four hours. It was to *Lord* Oscar Dering I gave my pledge."

"Oh, but, Lillian, because he has lost title and estate must he also lose the woman of his love? Think a minute. You surely will not give him up so easily."

"Nonsense, Edith! I am twenty-one—no longer a girl of an age to live upon sentimentalism, but to look upon the every-day realities of life. When I engaged myself to Lord Dering, I was the subject of congratulation among all my friends. Now that the cousin who was supposed to be dead crops into life in some remote portion of the globe, and that Oscar insists upon renouncing the property in his behalf without even a struggle, I am not content to let these same congratulations lapse into pity."

"Oh, Lillian, do you think any one could pity you for possessing so royal a gift as the love of such a man? Think better of it, dear. I know you care for him. Do not so lightly renounce your life's happiness."

"You plead his cause eloquently, my dear." Really, I did not know I possessed a rival in my fair cousin. Perhaps a heart caught in the rebound—you know the rest, of course, and can point the moral."

"Lillian, you are cruel—cruel! I—"

But the late speaker had passed through the open window out of hearing, and advanced to meet a man quickly approaching on the greensward, while the young girl left behind fell back in her chair, the great tears coursing down her cheeks, on which the crimson color signal flamed.

It was as though some ruthless hand had snatched the veil from her own heart, leaving exposed its most cherished secret—a secret she had not known herself, until now betrayed by her shame.

"I must leave this place. I cannot meet him again. I must go home! But, oh! how can she give him up?"

Edith Loring and Lillian Ames were cousins, but the one was the daughter of a clergyman whose rectory was some ten miles distant from Ames Court, one of the noblest estates of England, and of which Lillian was sole heiress.

The girls, however, had been closely united, more by the tie of friendship than cousinship, since the latter was a distant bond, and Ames Court was almost as much Edith's home as her own. Now, however, the homelier charms of the rectory were very grateful to her. Here no one could probe the discovery so new to herself—to trace the scarlet blush which seemed so often to burn her cheek, until she wondered that it did not leave its brand.

She had been home six weeks, and twice Oscar Dering had ridden over to see her, but she had always denied herself to him on some household pretext, until one morning he overtook her in the road.

She had been busy with thoughts of him, wondering how he had borne his ruptured troth, and reproaching herself for the cowardice which heretofore had forbidden her meeting him, when she heard behind her the quick tramp of a horse's hoofs. His rider drew rein at her side.

"So I am to find you at last," he said.

His voice sounded the same as of old—the bright, cheery tone was unchanged. He was not broken-hearted, then, or at least he did not wear that cruelly-used portion of his body upon his sleeve.

"Have you not seen Lillian lately?" she at last found courage to ask.

"No," he answered, and then she saw the brown gather on his brow, and an expression of pain come about his lips. "I see so little of your cousin as possible. You know, Miss Loring, I am no longer a subject for congratulation."

"Yes, I know," she said. "I—"

"Don't pity me," he interrupted. "I